YANKEE DOINGS

but SERGEANT— I KNOW there's a Santa Claus!

VOL. X, NO. 12 | YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION | DECEMBER, 1929

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This gives one an opportunity to keep before the YD public at a very low rate. Do not wait to be solicited; just send in your line or two lines and note that fifty-eight spaces on your typewriter make a line for this column.

YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

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Send all communications to the Editor

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Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

(M) signifies Member, Y.D.V.A.
(LM) signifies Life Member.
(HM) signifies Honorary Member.
(AM) signifies Associate Member.

PICTURES OF YD PILGRIMAGE

Several inquiries have been received regarding the possibility of purchasing pictures of the YD Pilgrimage. A set of about 100 such photos, taken by Jack Dixon, all of them excellent, may now be seen at the YD Club of Boston. As soon as these can be numbered, titled and listed, such list will be printed in YANKEE DOINGS. Meanwhile any member may see them by asking at the Club.

LET STALLINGS AND SHERIFF LOOK TO THEIR LAURELS

"At Ease," a play written by ARTHUR C. HAVLIN (M) (A Co., 102nd M. G. Bn.), depicting events in the life of a machine gun squad in France during the war, was presented by the Edison Electric Illuminating Co., and met with enthusiastic success. The entire cast, as well as the author and director are members of the Edison staff.

DOUBLE THE MEMBERSHIP BY APRIL 1

The special number of YANKEE DOINGS printed last month is being mailed to every contributor to the YD Overseas Memorial who can be reached. The object of this is twofold. In the first place it seems no more than right that they should see the result of their efforts and read about the culmination of our project. Secondly, and more important, this is being done in an effort to stimulate a greatly increased membership. There is no better time than now for us to make our membership at least double what it is. Of course every issue of DOINGS is not as attractive or as large as that of last month, but the fact that membership among those who receive the paper but never visit the Club is constantly increasing without any real effort on our part, must mean only one thing, and that is that its readers find it worth the money.

With these free copies which are being sent out is a letter, setting forth the advantages of membership and an offer to accept the amount of one year's annual dues now as paying up to April 1, 1931: in other words three months extra thrown in.

With double the membership, the Association can give almost double the value. Help out by getting one new member yourself.

AMERICAN GRAVES IN FRANCE DECORATED

Not one grave in the 678 military cemeteries in France for the soldiers of twenty-three nations who died here during the Great War remained undecorated on All Saints' Day. The French press on this occasion published long accounts of the many cemeteries. Of the American cemeteries one newspaper said: "The marvellous and impressive uniformity of American cemeteries under the direct supervision of the American Graves Registration Service is perfectly astounding."

JAMES F. CARTY

JAMES F. CARTY, formerly of K Company, 102nd Infantry, whose death is reported under "Taps," was one of the outstanding heroes of the Yankee Division.

His citation, with which he was awarded the D. S. C., reads:

CARTY, JAMES F., Private

For extraordinary heroism in action near Bois de St. Remy, France, Sept. 12, 1918.

"When infantry advance had been held up by machine-gun fire, the strength of which could not be determined, Private Carty and another soldier scouted far beyond their lines into enemy territory, and, after cutting telephone cables, crept up on the nests from the rear. The entire personnel of the guns, consisting of one officer and thirty-nine men, was taken prisoner by Private Carty, after which he marched them into our lines."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

It has been contended, and with quite a measure of logic, that the pursuit of happiness is the single motive behind every volitional act of every normal human being from birth to death. On this premise, the only difference between the miser and the philanthropist, the egoist and the martyr, is that of widely divergent points of view as to what constitutes happiness.

* * * *

The purely selfish seek pleasure in their own happiness rather than in that of others: of the truly unselfish the opposite is true. Most of us fall somewhere in between the two. Back in the time of the Reformation, when any natural act of any normal being was looked upon as a sin, and the gratification of perfectly natural impulses as the greatest sin of all, the Anglo-Saxon race became a bondsman to Puritanism, a slavery from which it has never since been wholly free.

Even the terms: body, flesh, appetite, senses took on a sinister meaning, as of attributes with which mortals were afflicted for the purpose of trying their souls, rather than component parts of normal, natural existence.

* * * *

By placing natural, physical joy in the list of forbidden things, Puritanism has succeeded in making covert digressions from its arbitrary standards more highly desirable at the moment, as all forbidden things are, and matters of needless contrition and repentance afterward. On the other hand, strict adherence to its tenets, through the repression of natural impulses, has undoubtedly caused untold needless misery and suffering.

* * * *

And whether we cramp ourselves by the supreme effort of a misguided conscience to conform to the shibboleth of absolute self-denial, or whether we find a perverted joy in our secret indulgences, few of us are ever able wholly to free ourselves from the feeling that physical joy is sin. Thus a timid finger is dipped in the deep flowing stream of life: the strength of its great flowing currents, when fear is cast off, is never felt.

* * * *

In order to take off in deep water one must do more than cast off fear—one must know how to swim. In order to launch forth into life, one must do more than bury the fears and bugaboos of an inheritance of reasonless inhibitions—one must know when it is well to fight upstream and when there is no danger in drifting down. A clearer conception of when happiness is a sin and when it is not is necessary.

And it seems quite reasonable to believe that happiness which causes no unhappiness, at the time or later, to him who enjoys or to any other, is not a sin. With this as a principle, life in the full is ours to live, without fear and without blame.

* * * *

Our reformers, our moralists, our prohibitionists, are survivals of Puritanism. It is not so much the evils attendant upon self-indulgence which seems to dismay them as the "sin" of self-indulgence itself. It may be a sin—true—if it brings on suffering and woe, as it so often does. But may it not equally well be blameless?

* * * *

Prohibition, for instance—that is to say prohibition in its narrower sense, meaning the prohibition of alcohol—is, it seems to us, founded on at least five false premises. First, that moderate indulgence is evil; second, that the reforming of a few is of greater moment than the contentment of the many; third, that it expresses the will of the people; fourth, that law should change human opinion rather than reflect its outgrowth; and fifth, that it can be enforced.

* * * *

Let it not be understood that this attempt to vindicate physical joy from the charge of being evil implies the wish to make it the sole aim of existence. It is not impossible—in the pursuit of happiness—to grow more mature, to discover that still greater joy may come from such things as a poem or a song, winter woods at twilight, or the gratitude of a child made happy.

* * * *

If happiness be our aim, as it is the aim of all men, we shall want it in the fullest measure. It must find new objects to fulfill new longings; but in itself let us know that it is good, not evil. Let us go forth, unafraid, with a will to cause no pain, and see what life has to offer.

IT IS A PLEASURE

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

The members of the YD Post Auxiliary wish to thank you for the many courtesies extended them during the past year. They especially appreciate the publicity given the Auxiliary in YANKEE DOINGS.

HELEN S. O'BRIEN,
Secretary.

YOU DON'T MEAN IT

Missouri Paper—FOR SALE: Brown Swiss male bull. Wm. Landwehr, Treloar.

DOES IT SEEM THE SAME?

By Philip N. Sanborn (M)

It is probable that every one of us who had the good fortune to return to France with the YD Pilgrimage did so with a certain amount of doubtful expectancy as to just how successful he would be in recapturing the phantoms of that dream he went forth to realize.

To even the least imaginative of us, the years which had elapsed since we sailed westward from the shores of France had served to gild over the days we spent together in laughter and in anguish with a certain legendary glamor. In our memory, events, places, comrades, were dramatized; our entire experience on the soil of France had become to us a sort of epic legend, in which certain details seemed destined for eternity. It was difficult for us to imagine that certain places and people might change; here was a stage to which we might return as opportunity afforded and find the same characters playing the same parts.

More particularly did it seem to us indubitable that that intangible atmosphere of friendship, understanding and gay camaraderie would once more envelop us once we stood in some old familiar spot which had been hallowed by its presence.

To us the spirit of the A. E. F., like that of a departed mortal, still haunted the scenes of its earthly existence.

Yet, in spite of our assurance, we were haunted with doubt. Could we face the disappointment of failing to recapture our dreams?

In just what degree each of us found that which we sought, remains for each to tell. We tell but one man's tale. For days on end the spirit of the old days eluded us. Crossing the ocean, many a night we said to ourselves, "It does not yet seem as it should, it is still 1929, 1918 has not yet arrived."

The varied fascinations of Paris served to while away many joyous hours; yet, in the interims of sanity (usually about 10:00 or 11:00 a.m.) came the emptiness of a vague disappointment. Had we come so far then for only this?

Then— then! it returned as if some wizard had turned back the calendar eleven whole years—wiped away all memory of intervening days, and set us down once more upon the stage of yesterday.

It was in Chateau-Thierry. The splendid ceremony at Belleau had drawn to a close. We had finished luncheon at the Hotel Bonhomme. Busses carrying the majority of the YD party were rolling Paris-ward. Three or four of us had decided to stay behind and take the evening train.

At last! Gone the cosmopolitan glamor, the ceaseless tumult of the capital city; gone the responsibilities of the official program of dedication; welcome the rolling green countryside of France; welcome old scenes, old friends, old dreams. Beneath a blue October sky, the Marne flowed silently under the new bridge which replaces the old, as the narrow cobbled streets echoed to the shouts of children homeward bound from school—the years rolled back. Dreams lived again. The long, long journey was not to be in vain.

Paris, with all its resources, had not been able to give us this. This was the France we had known—rebuilt, more prosperous—but at heart the same. Almost in an instant, the feeling of being a civilian tourist on a definite schedule fell away: we were once more a small fragment of the A. E. F. We might go back to Paris or we might not, depending on how we felt at train time. Who cared? All the delightful, carefree uncertainty of what was coming next that we knew in Army days combined with a rather satisfactory knowledge that whatever it was it was up to us, not some one higher up.

We must get closer to native life—we must drop back into character—forget that this was but a vacation, that we had jobs, homes and families to which we must soon return. Each moment was now to be lived in the present; the future must be thrust away.

"Let's call on the mayor."

"Why not?"

So up to the ancient Hotel de Ville we go. The doors were open, but the hour late and no one in sight inside. The mayor's office, into which we crashed without the formality of a knock, was dark and deserted.

However, in the main foyer we met two women, evidently employed there, one carrying a golden-haired, chubby three-year-old, quite eager to display friendship. This was better than the mayor. Little Jacques was only too willing to shake hands, show his dimples in a smile, and ride pig-a-back around the lobby; while doughboy French sufficed to tell the grown-ups who we were and why we were there. As a souvenir we pinned one of our Memorial medals on the manly breast of three-year-old to his great glee.

Then, around the little tables of a dim-lighted cafe we made friends with three French laboring men we had never seen before; our tongues once more found themselves; old songs burst forth; old memories burned clear. Healths were drunk in good old *vin ordinaire* at four francs a bottle. Let Paris keep its champagne; we were buck soldiers again on a dollar a day and pinard was good enough.

There is not much more to tell. To those who know not what we mean, no words can explain; to those who, like us, have dreamed, words are not needed. When you go over, as you will, remember dreams come with sleep, sleep comes not when

courted but with relaxation. Do not place too much store by time-tables or sending home post cards. Just let yourself drop back into old ways. The old days will return and you will be well rewarded.

THE PILGRIMS RETURN

Well, they're all home again after the second greatest sojourn of their lives. I refer to those lucky individuals who made the Pilgrimage to France to dedicate our Memorial Church at Belleau.

The telling of that trip will take months of stormy days and evenings. When the old lounging room at the Boston Club is wreathed with cigar and cigarette smoke and the pros and cons of momentous affairs of state and nation are being mangled and remangled, some one of the pilgrims will change the subject with, "Well, you should'a seen me when I came out of 32 Rue Blondel . . ." and then for a couple of hours the scent of Paris and neighboring manure heaps will take the place of the political hot-air that had previously held sway.

But all of this is beside the point of what I want to say here in this column. I want you fellows who failed to attend the largest attended smoker at the Boston Club to know that you passed up one h—l of a fine time.

Clearing the deck of the usual preliminaries, President RALPH M. EASTMAN (M) called upon Corporal WILLIAM BROWN (LM) to tell a few stories, but to stick to the truth while telling them, about the Pilgrimage to France.

Bill told of a side trip that he and a few others made to Soissons and Rheims, which included a trip in an antiquated hack about 2.00 a.m., looking for something to eat (?) and to see the country by moonlight.

The next speaker was General JOHN H. SHERBURNE (LM) Chairman of the Memorial Committee. General SHERBURNE told us about going back to the Memorial Church a few days after the dedication and how the French inhabitants received him. He also said that a bronze tablet was to be placed on the church in memory of the men of Belleau who fell during the war.

Maj. JUDSON HANIGAN (M) placed before the body the names of two Frenchmen, who accomplished extraordinary things for us during the period we were building the church and while the pilgrims were over there, for Honorary Membership in the Y. D. V. A. Those men were M. le Vicomte Charles Benoist d'Azy, former liaison officer, attached to the 51st F. A. Brigade, and M. Marcel Knecht, head of the Havas news agency. The motion was unanimously carried.

The guest of the evening needs no introduction if you have read, "Chevrons," "Sergeant Eadie," etc.—Leonard Nason, who is not only famed as an author of remarkable war and other stories but is also noted for calling a spade a spade. His description of the 1st Division's advance on Vigneulles, St. Mihiel salient, is a masterpiece. His story of how he got entangled with the U. S. Marine Corps while they were holding a birthday party in "Philly" is also excellent. For one hour and a quarter he kept the members in attendance laughing until tears stood in the eyes of many.

Following the remarks of Nason, "BILL" BLAKE (M) told a few stories about the trip. President EASTMAN (M) also added a few interesting sidelights on the trip. There was on exhibition during the smoker a large collection of snap-shots and larger photos of scenes taken in France and on the boat. Many of these pictures will be of historic value to the Club.

"BILL" SNYDER (M) for once ran short of coffee and had to serve ginger ale and other tonics instead. Bill cannot be blamed for lack of foresight because the number of YD men in attendance exceeded by a hundred the attendance of any other smoker ever held at the Club.

—J. H. S. (M)

ONE MORE A. W. O. L. RETURNS

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Seems like a long time since I have had the opportunity to think of the Old Outfit or New England which is my birthplace and "Home."

As a former 103rd F. A. member I feel that I should keep in touch with the "Yanks" and am attaching my check for a year's membership and enough also to have you send me one of the "Edwards Certificates." I saw the "Old Man" at Chicago recently and would have liked to shake his hand but circumstances made it impossible. That does not alter the fact that I regard him in a manner that makes him, to me, as to all the others, "A Grand Old Gent."

With three children to worry about now I hardly am able to do all the things that would enable me to keep in close touch with the division. But I am with you in spirit and am proud to be able to say I am a New Englander and a veteran of a division that more than upheld the tradition of New England with its real courage, devotion and sacrifice.

—EARL B. LYON (M) (103rd F. A.)

October 1.
1700 Third Avenue East,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

YD POST No. 290, A. L.

YD Post will hold its Annual Turkey Party at the YD Club on Monday evening, December 23. TURKEYS, CHICKENS, CANDY. Three acts of vaudeville by professional talent. Come and bring your friends: men, women or children.

MORE REMINISCENCES OF "OVER THERE"

By Ralph M. Eastman (M)

After the dedication ceremony we went to Chateau-Thierry to luncheon and then left for a five-day trip of the old sectors. First of all we paused by the side of the road near Epieds where that cannon which is now on Boston Common was first seen by us all in July, 1918; then on into Epieds which we captured again with exuberant spirits. The farmers were just coming in from the fields and seemed glad to see the crazy Americans back again. They all voted against prohibition and invited us to stay and live in France.

We spent the night at Soissons and the next morning went up to the Chemin des Dames. Before we left Soissons we went over and saw the Abbey of St. Jean des Vignes, the place where we slept in the cellar when there in 1918. It looked just the same. They have policed it up a bit but it's still all shot to pieces. We couldn't get down into the cellar but had a nice talk with the woman who lives in a little house inside the gate. She proudly showed us a copy of YANKEE DOINGS, which was one of her prized possessions.

On the way up to Sorney we stopped at Juvigny to see if the wine was all right for the natives to drink; then on through Terny-Sorny to our first town in that sector, Sorny. About fifteen houses have been built there since the war so it was hard to spot the old places. The people there didn't know where our old dug-outs were, except the one where the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Barber held out. At first everything seemed very strange then. There must be an eighth or ninth sense given to old soldiers, because after strolling about a bit, all the old places came back to me. There's a house where the Supply Sergeant's hut was, also one where the cook-shack was. Right in front of the Sergeant's dug-out there's a nice little maison. After talking quite a while to the Madame who lived there—she was sort of dumb, didn't understand her own language—she allowed me to go through her back yard to the entrance of the hole where we used to enter our homes. Like most of the smaller dug-outs, the entrance was filled in, but there were one or two old chicken-wire beds on the ground outside. HUTCH's dug-out is treated the same way, as are the ones over the hill where JOHNNY PRIESTLY (M) got lost the first night the Company got there, after everybody had been told to stick close to home. Of course the Germans were through there shortly after we left and may have damaged some of the abris when they left. The Mr. Barber dug-out was knocked down from ceiling and side walls. I have a piece of Hotchkiss machine-gun cartridge holder (I think it is) that I picked up there. The people have a lot of German helmets hanging on the fence posts and in their hen yards for feed boxes. After I'd "moseyed" around to my heart's content, our party consisting of about a dozen, adjourned to the only cafe in town, invited in the populace and before the party was many minutes old I'd been elected Mayor, pro tem, of the town. Shortly after my election the old mail carrier came up and asked me if I couldn't spare a few francs to help buy shoes for his eighteen babies. Such is fame! ! While the place has changed a great deal, you can all imagine what a kick I got out of tramping around those old spots which made such an impression on us as it was our first "front."

From Sorny we went with CARROLL over to the big cave at Allemant. That hasn't been destroyed but the entrance has been walled in to prevent people wandering in and getting lost; also, I suppose, to save it for the next war, if necessary.

The Verdun sector was the next one we visited and it is marvelous what a healer good old nature is! Where we thought nothing could ever grow, grass is everywhere and little trees four or five feet high convert the whole countryside into a beautiful scene as you look over it from a height. When you get close you can see the old trenches but they've sagged a lot and are overgrown with underbrush. The barbed wire is pretty well cleared up. Every little while, even now, somebody bumps a dud and takes a quick trip to heaven or the hospital. Nice country to cultivate! Bras is built up pretty well and it was hard to locate any of the old dug-outs. I didn't get to Champ or Champ-Neuville but went to Samogneux which they've given up as hopeless and aren't going to try to rebuild. Went up to Beaumont in that sector and all that's left is a little monument where once was the church. Vachereauville is built up and boasts of two cafes. One was good, we didn't try the other. Passed through Faubourg Pave, outside Verdun, which I recognized before I saw the sign. While up that way we visited Fort Vaux where there's a fine example of French sentiment. Carrier pigeons were very helpful in the defense of the Fort and they have placed a bronze memorial tablet on the side of the Fort to the pigeons of the war. A young poilu showed us around the inside of the Fort and, boy, they saw some fighting there down in the passage-ways. Bombs, liquid fire, bayonets were used but the boche turned the trick and took the Fort with gas in the end, when the garrison was exhausted and starved. We saw the big Ossuary where the bones are kept in coffins, marked with the places where they were found. The Trench of the Bayonets is very impressive. Later on, in Vienne-le-Chateau, we saw an Ossuary where the bones were simply piled on the floor neatly stacked like pieces of wood, with a skull here and there for variety.

We went to St. Mihiel and passed near Giron-

ville but didn't get to the town. Another spot I'm sorry I missed was the trench we dug up at Apremont. As a mater of fact, part of our group containing a fellow from the 104th went there one day and couldn't find it as there was so much underbrush and things had changed so. A few days later, he went back and after a lot of trouble discovered it. Time was short for us. To do it the way you'd like to would take about three weeks instead of five days.

Beaumont and Dead Man's Curve

Went to Marcheville, Vigneulles, Thiaucourt, but the real place I wanted to see was our old town of Beaumont and when we got there I found the old courtyard was almost the same as it was when we were there. The place where the office was, where RALPH LASSER was killed, has been knocked out but the walls are still standing and it certainly looked familiar. The dug-outs where the officers were have disappeared. I didn't see the ones in the backyard but didn't have time to search very long. Didn't have time to look for those down by the side of the road. As a matter of fact, had passed the place before I realized we were so near Beaumont. It's quite different travelling on foot and in an automobile. Those towns seem almost to hug one another now while before they seemed to be miles apart. We went down around Dead Man's Curve which has been replaced by a new road; on to Mandres where our stables were. That looks about the same. There were three or four new houses in Beaumont but it has changed very little. In fact, it seemed more natural than almost any other place I was in. We went down into Seicheprey which has been rebuilt and moved over to the right as you look toward Mont Sec from Beaumont. One of the real "kicks" of the tour of the old fronts was to get on top of that famous old Mont Sec which menaced us for so many weeks. It looked high and mighty to us then, but you ought to get on top of it! Why, Seicheprey looks as if it were right in your lap and it appears as if you could almost reach out a bit and touch Beaumont. It certainly was a wonderful position for the boche. It couldn't have been better if made to order. The American Government has bought that hill and is building a tremendous memorial on top of it which will dominate the landscape all right.

The Grande Tranchee de Calonne (or however you spell it) is just a nice road through beautiful scenery now. The woods are full of young trees and brush, no old battle-torn trees are to be seen, no shell-holes, in fact, no signs of war. The signposts of St. Remy, etc., brought back many memories but we didn't have time to stop and browse about.

We went through St. Maurice before I could stop the driver of our car but the main stem looked familiar. We were almost in the next town before the driver heard me, so I didn't bother to go back, but I thought of the cigars, cigarettes and beer we consumed on the boche, as well as potatoes, etc., back on September 13 and 14, 1918.

Lucy-le-Bocage, in the Chateau-Thierry area, still shows signs of the war but things are now going on there about the same as if nothing had ever happened. Passed by Montreuil, and the woods, but didn't stop. Looked familiar, though. It was a great disappointment not to be able to get to Rolampont, Doulaincourt, etc., but lack of time, in close conjunction with lack of francs, made it impossible on this trip. Before I pass on to the happy hunting grounds, or vice versa, I want to get over there again, at least once, with my family, and show them around, preferably with enough time and francs to do a thorough job. However, I know that any one of you bozos who can make it, under any conditions, would feel well repaid—ask TOMMY WATSON, he'll tell you the same, and, by the way, there's one regular 100% chap if there ever was one. You can't really appreciate him until you get to know him the way I did on this trip. He's an ace!

Just a word about the cemeteries over there, before we close. We may criticize our dear government for many things but there's one job that's being done as nearly perfect as possible and that is the maintenance of the war cemeteries in France. It's hard to see how conditions could be improved. The attendants are courteous and sympathetic to a high degree, the care of each grave is a matter of daily concern to them and about the greatest praise and testimonial I can give is to say that if it had been my luck to get knocked off over there I'd certainly feel much better satisfied to be left in the care of Uncle Sam in France than I would to be brought back here.

Please pass that message out to any families who have boys over there as it may be reassuring to them. Every visitor to these wonderful places will tell you the same thing that I have.

OUR PREMIER GLOBE TROTTER

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Enclosed you will find a snap of the YD Memorial at Belleau as it looked on September 11 when I visited that neck of the woods.

Sorry I will not be there to witness the ceremony of dedication as I sail from Southampton next Friday for Rio. Have already, on this trip, visited about all the countries on the Continent and now sail direct to South America, visiting Brazil, Chile, Argentine, Uruguay, Bolivia, Peru, Panama, Costa Rica, and Cuba, and expect to arrive home in Philly by February 1. Hope to visit Boston shortly after that, and will drop in to see you.

—WILLIAM J. AVERY (M)
(101st Supply Train)

London
September 21.

Young Romeo: "I can't see how you get into that bathing suit."

Beach Siren: "You're darned right, you can't."

FROM MANILA, P. I.

The following extracts are from a letter received by BILL HACKETT (M) (A Batt., 101st F. A.):

A little about Manila. We are now winding up the rainy season, and entering on the best time of the year here. Soon we will be sleeping under a blanket. The mornings and evenings are just wonderful, with a little heat at mid-day.

Manila is a city of approximately 350,000, of which probably 5,000 to 6,000 are Americans. Outside of the Filipinos, the Chinese predominate. I have been told that about 80 per cent of the business here in the Philippines is controlled by the Chinese, and I am sure that that is no exaggeration. Lord help the Philippines if they ever got their independence, and the Chinese pulled out. As a general rule, the Filipinos are not business people, but are perfectly willing to work for somebody else.

My office is located in the historical Fort Santiago, which itself is located in the famous "Walled City" of Manila. The Walled City and Fort Santiago were built about 1550 by the Spaniards, and there are many interesting tales about them. Below my office are numerous cells where the Spanish authorities used to incarcerate their prisoners. There is also a dungeon below me somewhere, where, it is said, the Spaniards used to put their prisoners and let them drown when the river would rise.

I should say that it is about three miles around the wall, with five exits therefrom. Until a few years ago, the Walled City was surrounded by a moat, but this, under the American regime, has been filled in, and converted, with surrounding land, into a small municipal golf links. The moat was a big breeder of mosquitoes, diseases, etc. There are still plenty of mosquitoes —the "dengue" mosquito appearing in the afternoon, and the "malaria" mosquito at night. In the city itself, however, there is little danger of the "malaria" mosquito. It sticks pretty well to the swamps and lowlands. The "dengue" mosquito carries sometimes "dengue fever," and one can contract this fever only when this mosquito has bitten somebody with the fever and then bitten you. The fever then crops out about five to eight days after being bitten. This fever is not dangerous, but certainly disagreeable. It affects people differently, the most common effect being aching bones, eyes, high fever and very weak. It usually lasts four or five days. I had it a month after I got here, and was in bed three or four days.

The business section of Manila is outside of the Walled City, and centers principally on the other side of the Pasig River, the main streets being the Gandara, Escolta and Echague. I think if one wants to see another person whom he might know, his best bet would be to hang around the Escolta.

Outside of mosquitoes, our principal insects are ants and cockroaches. The latter fly about, not too much so, but enough to be bothersome. They are about three inches long. Ants are pretty bad, and all food cabinets, ice chest, etc., are set in kerosene cups. You just can't keep them away entirely, so after a while one ceases to worry about them, but just does his best to exterminate what he can. Small lizards, of the harmless variety, are prevalent, and often are seen clinging to the ceilings or walls. They are never bothered, as mosquitoes, ants, etc., are their principal diet. Large black spiders also come around once in a while, and they are not bothered, as cockroaches constitute one of their food sources. These spiders too, I am told, are harmless, but nevertheless, I do not like them.

In spite of all these things, Manila is a pretty good place to live in, particularly for people who do not care for the cold weather. Personally I like the winters, and do not believe that I will ask for an extension here. I do hope that I will be able to get back to Boston in April, 1931, but of course that remains to be seen.

My best regards to all the boys.

—ORA L. FARNSWORTH
(Hqtrs., 26th Division)
Headquarters, Philippine Dep't.
Manila, P. I.

PORTLAND PARAGRAPHS

DO YOU KNOW

That WALTER L. ESPERANCE (M Co., 101st Inf.) is commander of the Frank Hulet Post, V. F. W., of Lewiston?

That NORMAN THOMAS (M) (101st T. M. Batt.) is "Sky Pilot" of the same outfit?

That JIM QUANCE (101st T. M. Batt.) died at the National Soldiers Home, at Marion, Indiana?

That LUBIN DOUCETTE (103rd Inf.) is our newest member?

That COHEN (G Co., 103rd Inf.) is manager of the Town Taxi Company? "When in town call a Town."

That BEN. LEIGHTON (M) attended the Legion National Convention at Louisville?

That at the Annual Meeting of the Arthur Chadburne Post, A. L., of Dover-Foxcroft, ALTON SHOREY (Sgt., F Co., 103rd Inf.) is the new Post Commander?

That PERCY DE WITTE (Cook, F Co., 103rd Inf.) is the second Vice-Commander, CHARLES H. NORTON (Capt. of the Pine Tree Regt.) is Treasurer, while CARL R. BAILEY (Lt., A Co., 103rd Inf.) is Historian? ELMER MCLELLAN of the same company is one of the Executive Committee.

That JESS MOODY (101st Engs.) is working at the Railway Mail Post Office?

That Col. FRANK M. HUME (M) has been appointed National Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief of the V. F. W.?

That the membership of the YD Club of Portland is about 50-50, Engineers and Soldiers?

That a lot of YD men would like to hear Gen. EDWARDS (LM) speak over the radio? Can it be arranged?

That OWEN BENTON was very busy during Encampment week transporting G. A. R. Veterans to places of interest in Portland and vicinity?

That at an interesting little ceremony at the Hq. Co., 103rd Inf., M. N. G., GEORGE W. MORRELL (M) (G Co., 103rd Inf.) was presented with a nine year medal. Congratulations, George!

That Dr. GEORGE A. TIBBETS has received the rare honor of being elected to the American College of Surgeons?

That at the last meeting of the Sewing Circle of the Auxiliary of the Portland Club, HAROLD KEATING was an honored guest? He delivered an interesting talk on the art of patching.

That when a man starts bragging of his war record, we look up his vital statistics for his burial notice?

That PERCY and Mrs. WITHAM welcomed a new on on August 6, making two boys and two girls?

That the sympathy of all YD men goes out to CLIFF BRUNS (103rd Inf.) who is having more than his share of family sickness?

Monday evening, October 28, the first of a series of dances was held at Craig's Studio by the YD Club and Auxiliary. This is the regular meeting place of the Club. The hall was decorated in keeping with Hallowe'en. The feature of the dance program was the presentation of a harvest basket to the holder of the lucky number. A dance will be held the fourth Monday evening of each month. At this time the holder of the lucky number will be presented with a turkey.

—"MINNIE LA TOUR" (M)

BOSTON IN 1930

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

The American Legion, as you know, held their convention in Louisville this year. They all enjoyed their stay I am sure, certainly the people of Louisville enjoyed having them here.

Before the convention arrived there was a great deal of talk regarding them, their actions, what to expect, etc. Many of these rumors were broadcast all over Louisville and became magnified with each repeating.

As Boston has been successful in securing the 1930 convention, I felt as a YD and an American Legion member, that it would be no more than right to at least let Boston know how Louisville felt about it, and in that way prevent these rumors from circulating next fall, so I am taking the liberty of sending you editorial clippings from the Louisville newspapers, proving that Louisville not only enjoyed their visit, but that the entire organization acted like gentlemen, and would be welcome to return to Louisville at any time.

I was mighty sorry in not finding even one of my former YD buddies here, but hope I can arrange to be there next year, and meet some of the old gang.

—STANLEY H. AVERILL (M)
(D Batt., 101st F. A.)

Louisville, Kentucky.
October 9.

One of the clippings, an editorial in the *Louisville Herald-Post,* reads as follows:

Louisville congratulates Boston.

Its selection as host of the American Legion Convention for 1930 was secured over the stiffest opposition. Los Angeles, younger in some respects at all events, can afford to wait.

And may we have the satisfaction of informing the Hub that when it welcomes those who are now our visitors it will be turning over its historic city to as fine a bunch of fellows, as high-toned a group of men and women, as well-disposed and orderly a crowd as ever gathered within its precincts?

They have won golden opinions.

They will continue to deserve them.

YD POST 290, A. L. AUXILIARY

The following officers were elected at the October meeting to serve for the coming year:

President, Helen O'Brien.
1st Vice-President, Mary Porter.
2nd Vice-President, Catherine Lynch.
Secretary, Sarah Sheehan.
Treasurer, Florence Welsh.
Historian, Daisie Ferguson.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Jean Taylor.
Chaplain, Katherine Sheehan.

Executive Committee: Estelle Carter, Pauline Cresswell, Betty Fardie, Marie Murdock, Myrtle Ryan.

Our newly-elected Chaplain is a Gold Star Mother. These officers were installed at a banquet for members and their guests held at the Hotel Buckminster on October 17. (Mrs.) P. K. C.

SOLVING THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE

New York paper—Mr. and Mrs. Agnes LaMora of Porter's Corner and Ernest Knowlton of Palmer were married Friday evening at the Wesleyan Methodist parsonage.

F COMPANY, 101ST ENGINEERS

And any others who may be interested in "How things look 'Over There'"

Three F Company men made the trip to France with the YD Pilgrimage: JOE KENNA (M), BOB KOWALL, and your correspondent (M). Bob has a brother in Paris with whom he spent much of the time; just how many of the old places he saw, we don't know. Joe took an extended trip to several European countries, and we hope he'll tell us about it here some time. As for the old F Company stamping grounds, we probably saw more of them than either of the other two. To make it seem like old times, let's take them in the order we visited them in 1917-18 rather than the more convenient order in which they were visited on this trip.

At Havre we were still running on schedule and didn't have a chance to see whether the old camp on the hill is still there or not.

Rolampont has scarcely changed at all. The little hole in the wall where the F Company office used to be, and in front of which we had our Christmas tree in 1917, looks just the same; someone is living there now. The long building which used to house regimental headquarters is still the same; I don't know just what it is being used for. We didn't prowl up the alley leading to the place where the company kitchen used to be, but the alley itself still shows traces of the broken red tile we rolled into the mud to make a passable thoroughfare. The cafe on the other side of the river, where we had our Thanksgiving dinner is still in operation, and now has an annex consisting of a dance hall with a big mechanical music box which plays hideous music when you drop a big clacker in the slot. The tile factory near the railroad station is still the big industry of the town. Up in the corner of the town where my particular squad was billeted, many of the old neighbors are still living in the same places, although some of the others have either died or moved away. The streets and yards are still as dirty as ever and everything is there to make the old place seem homelike. I had the pleasure of going into my own old billet, where I had spent eight weeks. It is now occupied by a blind musician, who lives alone, and is taken by auto to play at dances in Chaumont or Langres. The view of the village from the surrounding hills is familiar, with Ft. St. Menge looming in the near distance.

At Langres, where we spent the night in a most uncomfortable and smelly hotel, many familiar spots were found. The forbidding walls of the Caserne Carteret-Trecourt, overlooking the eastern ramparts, still cast a shiver up and down the spine of one who had frozen and chattered for two weeks in the arctic interior of those stone walls. The statue of Diderot, the old Roman gate, the Tower of Navarre, the Place Jeanne d'Arc, the ancient cathedral, and the little cafe at the other end of town near the city gate—all evoked memories of two cold weeks in the winter of 1917-18.

Chaumont, which means so much to one half the men in the company meant nothing particular to me. I passed through there and it seems to be a lively and bustling town, but never having been there before, nothing stands out in my memory.

At Andelot, I stopped long enough to take a snapshot of my old billet, which so aroused the curiosity of the people there that they all came pouring forth, whereupon we grouped them around the car and took their picture. I inquired for the extremely ancient woman who used to sell papers there, telling the people that I owed her one cent for a paper she let me have one night when I was broke. Alas, she is dead and the debt will ever remain unpaid.

Freville we passed through without stopping. The barracks are gone as well as the big "Y" tent, but the one filthy street of this meanest of all villages has changed not a whit. The big "Y" hut at Liffol le-Grand, unless our sense of location failed us completely, still stands.

In Soissons, we visited the ancient Abbaye of St. Jean des Vignes, in whose deep cellars the company spent an uncomfortable night while air raiders were overhead. We tried for a picture but the early morning mists were rising and no result came from the attempt.

Up at the Mont de Leuilly, where our old cave used to be, we found considerable difficulty at first in getting oriented. But the cross-roads just above, and the little foot path leading down to the valley, past our old latrine, finally gave us our position. The little hamlet itself has been amazingly rebuilt. For fifteen minutes I walked up and down the road, looking for the entrance to our old cave, and all the while it was staring me in the face. The sand bag parapets protecting the entrance are of course gone, and the entrance itself has been boarded up and padlocked. An old lady told us that the interior was in ruins and unsafe to visit. Nevertheless it was the padlock rather than her admonitions which deterred us. Across the road, where our impromptu "Y" hut was, there is now a cafe, where a nip of rum helped to dispel the morning chill. "Monkey Mountain" across the valley is now denuded of the bristling nests of French 75's which it used to house, and in the valley below cattle were peacefully browsing.

Over in the Toul sector, Vignot, which we always remember as rather a bon sector seems to have shrunk to a very small, dirty village. It really is the same,

but seems to be smaller. Familiar sights were the old company office, supply room, kitchen and the 2nd Battalion office over an epicerie on the main street. Here again we had the pleasure of entering our own old billet, a hay loft which, as I recall housed the entire first platoon. Not a thing was changed, the same ladder mounted to what was doubtless the same hay, and the same old hay rick was in the same old place below. There was a kick in that.

At Raulecourt the company office looked natural: the Salvation Army barracks are of course gone. The town is as dirty and the people as inhospitable as ever. I visited my old billet, also the home of the entire first platoon, but did not go in as someone is living there.

Up in the Chateau-Thierry sector we visited the Chateau Saulsoy, near Chamigny, where we bivouacked in the woods before going into the line, and I got a good picture of the railroad bridge across the Marne. We stopped for a few moments at Epieds and Trugny, and then, in the gathering dusk, went up the hill to Breteuil Farm, the filthy ruined old place around a foul courtyard where we spent the nights of July 22 to 26, practically in the front line. Rivers of dissolving manure still form pools in the courtyard; and in the midst of it the old well from which we presume they still use the water. The open sheds beneath which the body of a French soldier lay until we could bury it, still stand as they did eleven years ago. We did not go up to Beuvardes.

At Nanteuil-sur-Marne, where we pulled out after the drive, I again found my old billet, but was unable to get inside as it was locked and the people out of town.

We did not go down into the Chatillon rest area, although if time had permitted, that would have been interesting.

Over in the St. Mihiel sector, the hill above Rupt where we arrived in the pouring rain after an all night hike loomed up as of old. The Grande Tranchee de Calonne has doubtless been repaired since the epochal night when the 2nd Battalion rebuilt a mile of it in ten hours, but it still runs through an uninhabited region of stunted growth. Pi Park has completely disappeared, elephant iron shelters, narrow gauge tracks, and all. By blind reckoning I pushed a way through tangled underbrush, down into and up out of old trenches in which pieces of barbed wire still lay, looking for the concrete dugout occupied by our medicos. I was rewarded by finding it in perfect condition, and getting a picture of it. On the concrete inside we wrote our names under the YD insignia, and the date of our visit.

In the Verdun sector, the only place remembered by F Company which we visited was Bras, now completely restored. The Faubourg Pave, however, still retains much of its former appearance.

Lack of time prevented visiting the Montigny and Eccomoy areas, but still, that leaves something to do next time.

—P. N. S. (M)

RESURRECTED

By George W. Twombly (M)

The title applies to practically all of those mentioned below, for who, in all these "post guerre" years has heard of, or from, STRAYER, WARD, BENEDICT or BEHRENS? The rest of them, with an exception, just escape this same category: they might be called the Lost, Strayed or Stolen list. Stolen? you ask. Well, anyway, every one of them is married! Call it what you will, for it is all Greek and Swede to GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It is my intention, hope and desire to keep in touch with as many of the old bunch as possible. At least, I like to keep informed of their change of address. As birthdays, wedding anniversaries or the anniversary of some particular happening "over there" has come around I have written to many of the boys. In several instances letters have been returned as the addressees have not been located. However, what news I have of the others I shall be pleased to pass on to you.

ALLAN R. STRAYER, who has three daughters, is now with the Pittsburgh Crucible Steel Co., which is a part of the Crucible Steel Co. of America. Allan's home is at 841 Ohio Ave., Midland, Penna. If all goes well next summer it would not be surprising if the Strayers came straying East on their vacation.

In September I sent a letter from Amherst to Omaha, Nebraska, and, after travelling over a considerable part of the country, it reached ROME R. BENEDICT at Chattanooga, Tenn., where he has been living for two years. Rome did not roam around single very long after he received his army discharge. No, he married in 1919 and now has three children whose ages are eight, six and four years, respectively. In 1925 they moved to Miami, Florida, where they lived for three years. Rome is now Promotion Manager on the *Chattanooga Times;* he'd like very much to hear from any of you.

Let's go to California, for the moment. Can't you feel the difference in the air? See de palms? Anyway, one of our buddies, BILL H. BEHRENS, is living there —in Oakland, at 815 35th Avenue. Bill has been with the Oakland Fire Department since his return home, and he expects to stay with them the rest of his life. He is practicing that old saying, "Stay with 'em, kid." Bill says that the fire house is a swell place, and it looks it. A picture was enclosed and

when I first saw it I thought it was a private residence and then I thought that, at least, it was a library. This house is built on the side of a hill which is almost entirely covered with flowers and bushes. People from all around go to look at it.

Now that the fire is extinguished we'll journey Eastward again, stopping at San Antonio, Texas, to see CHARLES T. WEIDNER, who lives at 1118 W. Kings Highway. Some time ago I mentioned the fact that Charles had moved to Texas from Casper, Wyoming. Weather this past summer in San Antonio was just the same as it was around here—only probably more so! Building activities in that part of Texas are quite brisk and it looks as though they might be for the next few years.

Seems to me that we may as well return to Chattanooga and, this trip, step into 122 Tuxedo Ave. Whassat? Yes, it *would* be embarrassing not to know who lives there. Pardon me. Our former little ROBERT M. (BALDY) WARD resides there. I said "little" because that is what he used to be; now he weighs 180 pounds! Can you inhale that? In case that any of you boys get a chance to call on "Baldy" you will find Tuxedo Ave. east of Missionary Ridge which is a suburb of Chattanooga. About a year ago the Wards built a nice cream colored brick bungalow there, and I know that they'd like to see you.

As soon as I had received that letter from Rome saying that he was in Chattanooga I had intended to inform "Baldy" toute-de-suite, but kept putting it off until his birthday. About two weeks before he heard from me what was the great mutual surprise when Rome and "Baldy" met? It turned out that they had been living for a whole year within two blocks of each other and they were disgusted to think that they had missed all this time when they might have re-fought the dispute across the pond. Well, that is all right, for they will no doubt make up for lost time.

Journeying north we find that at Philadelphia on the fourth of October there arrived a 9½ lb. piece of beautiful humanity which—whom—GEORGE (M) and Hilda HUDSON have named George Richard Hudson.

For a long while there was no news from JIMMIE NEEFUS (M) but, finally something arrived which explained everything! This was in the form of a wedding announcement and told us that on Saturday, the twenty-first of September, JAMES STANLEY NEEFUS (M) had been united in marriage to Miss Barbara Bingham, in New York City. The "nooly-weds" will reside at 177 Liberty St., Bloomfield, N. J.

From Melrose (Mass.) comes a letter from "GUS" LOFBERG; he, himself, is well, but he had a tough summer. Their summer vacation trip had to be given up because of his wife's illness. After that the little daughter had to break her arm. Anyhow, the boy, who was under age, had to take an examination for entrance to school. He passed with high marks. Gus says that "Modesty forbids him to say after whom he takes." Some nights ago Gus and FRED MARDEN called on "DUKE" ROSS, who is having quite some trouble with his eyes. Duke is working for a general contractor who specializes in homes of the better class. He is married and has three children.

I mustn't bore you any more. The few news that I have from France will keep until next time, for I am sure that you will find a great deal of news from France in this issue. Boy! what a lot we missed. But then as some of the boys said during the war, "Somebody had to stay at home to keep things going."

A. P. O. No. 709

A card from HUGH BRINKLEY (M) (101st F. Sig. Bn.) informs us that our health is being drunk in a "Planter's Punch" down in Kingston, Jamaica. As the card was mailed October 21, it is probable that Hugh is back at the old stand by now.

Cards continue to arrive from MIKE MOONEY (M) (I Co., 101st Inf.) who went over with the YD Pilgrimage and plans to stay indefinitely in Europe. One of these comes from Metz. Mike prefers to write in French, but, as near as we can make out, he says: "After eleven years two members of the Yankee Division have arrived in Metz. I assure you that we ha a wonderful reception from the burgomaster: tl dinner was superb and the Munich beer deliciou We saw the monument to Lafayette erected by th Knights of Columbus of the United States in 1920."

WILLIAM H. SHUPERT (103rd F. A.), who has had many years' experience in the banking investment business, has recently gone into partnership, forming the firm of Studley, Shupert & Co., 50 Congress Street, Boston.

GERALD COURTNEY (M) (101st and 102nd M. B. Bns.) announces that he has opened an office for the general practice of law in the Luhrs Tower Building, Phoenix, Arizona.

Two squares in Beverly, Mass., were dedicated on Armistice Day in memory of men of the 101st Field Artillery: LEROY HARWOOD, formerly of E Battery, and HAROLD PERRIGO, formerly of F Battery.

MELBERT B. CARY, Jr. (M) (B Batt., 103rd F. A.), whose appeal for verses of "Hinky, Dinky, Parley Voo" was printed some time ago in YANKEE DOINGS, was a recent visitor to the Club from New York City. He is still hopeful of uncovering some more original verses of that immortal song and asks once more for contributions in the nature of any especially clever stanzas which you may remember. These are to be printed at his own private press, in a limited edition, illustrated by one of the best known cartoonist of the country.

A. A. NICHOLS (H Co., 103rd Inf.) is in the U. S. Immigration Service, stationed at Calais, Maine.

Y-OVERSEAS MEMORIAL

"Every man give one day's pay"

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO DECEMBER 1

	Cash Rec'd.	*Pledges*	*Totals*
Div. Hq. & Hq. Tr.	$3,642.70	$ 140.00	$3,782.70
101 Inf.	3,227.78	237.00	3,464.78
101 F. A.	8,452.09	186.50	8,638.59
101 Tr. M.	112.00	5.00	117.00
101 Sup. Tr.	229.30	40.00	269.30
*101 San. Tr.	1,250.65	10.00	1,260.65
101 F. Sig.	519.32	57.00	576.32
101 Tr. Hq. & M. P.	308.95	34.00	342.95
101 M. G. Bn.	941.59	15.00	956.59
101 M. O. R. S.	32.00	.....	32.00
101 Engrs.	4,980.28	262.00	5,242.28
101 Amm. Tr.	2,375.85	62.00	2,437.85
102 Inf.	1,773.38	150.50	1,923.88
102 F. A.	3,100.95	122.25	3,223.20
102 M. G. Bn.	1,320.40	105.00	1,425.40
103 Inf.	6,832.30	1,212.00	8,044.30
103 F. A.	3,297.25	67.50	3,364.75
103 M. G. Bn.	633.95	131.00	764.95
104 Inf.	3,735.21	180.00	3,915.21
51st Art. Brig.	622.00	.....	622.00
52nd Inf. Brig.	208.43	10.00	218.43
51 Inf. Brig.	143.40	.....	143.40
Miscellaneous	1,953.84	66.00	2,019.84
Bank Interest	1,698.13	.....	1,698.13
Postage on brochures	4.38	.....	4.38
	$51,396.13	$3,092.75	$54,488.88

*Includes
101 F. H.
101 Amb.
101 San. Tr.
102 F. H.
102 Amb.
103 F. H.
103 Amb.
104 F. H.
104 Amb.

Donors 4200 Pledges 235

Cash received	$51,396.13
Pledges due	3,092.75
Total	$54,488.88
Amount pledged	$4,138.75
Amount paid on pledges	1,046.00
Pledges due	$3,092.75

It is hoped by next month that YANKEE DOINGS will be able to state fairly definitely just how much money is needed to bring the Memorial to final completion. There is still a chance for those, if any there be, among our members who have not yet given to do so.

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(*In addition to those previously acknowledged*)

(Y. D. V. A. members not designated)

Ralph C. Scott (Add)	101 Eng.
Geo. A. Pendergast	104 Inf.
Wm. O. Black	104 Inf.
Henry W. Washburn, Jr. (Add)	104 Inf.
Wm. N. Barnard	104 Inf.
Geo. H. Ware	104 Inf.
Henry P. Basque	104 Inf.
Wallace A. Choquette	104 Inf.
Alex B. Auld	104 Inf.
Nigel Diamond	104 Inf.
Harry Rhoads	104 Inf.
Alfred Belcher	104 Inf.
Frank C. Sullivan	104 Inf.
Anthony P. Kulas	104 Inf.
J. W. Thomas	Misc.
Fred Davis	104 Inf.
Wilbur R. Utter	102 Inf.
Guy P. Gannett	103 Inf.

CONGRATULATIONS

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. ALDEN B. PARSONS (M) there arrived on July 13, 1929, Carolyn Elizabeth. Good boy, Allie.

Mr. and Mrs. MAX MILLER (M) announce the birth of Donald Kingdom, September 5, 1929.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Emmet MacInnis announce the marriage of their daughter, Lela Jean Murphy to Mr. LEWIS FLANDERS (M). They were married September 4, 1929.

ALBERT W. BARNARD (M) (Med. Det., 101st Inf.) was married on September 19, to Miss Gertrude Rachel Baybutt at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard spent their honeymoon as members of the YD

(Continued on Page 19)

103RD INFANTRY

The citizens of Franklin, N. H., raised money enough to send a number of the boys to the Legion Convention at Louisville in a small truck. The boys went over the road and had a wonderful trip. Among those who went were ORIAN BOLDUC (M. G. Co.), COOK and GEORGE BERUBE (M. G. Co.)

ARCHIE ROLEAU (Cook, B Co.) is now living in Lewiston. He is a watchmaker by trade having had a course in vocational training.

Capt. DONALD METCALF is recovering from an attack of appendicitis.

CHARLES ROBERTS (Hdq. Co. and Band) of Gardiner, Me., has been elected Commander of the Legion Post of that city.

JOHN DODGE ("Big John," Sgt., G Co.) has been elected Adjutant of the Arthur E. Shaw Post of Franklin, N. H.

DAN ADAMS (Med. Det.) the "Jolly Undertaker" of Farmington, Maine, has been elected County Councilman from Franklin County.

Forrest N. Croxson a "Y" man who served with the 2nd Battalion from the middle of July to the middle of November, 1918, has been a recent visitor in Bangor. He is now Agency Manager of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of America, for the state of Nebraska, with offices in Omaha. He came East to attend a conference and so decided to look up his old comrades. His first call was on BILL SMITH, Supply Sergeant of G Co., his host, and from there he called on Col. SHUMWAY with whom he lived for about two months. Others who received a call from him were Mess Sgt. "LAFE" BANKS, Top Sgt. SPENCER, Cook WOTTRICH (who took Croxson to the lines the first night he came to the regiment), SIMPSON, YOUNG, ROGERS, and others. He also called on Lt. SMITH, and Col. BOWEN of the M. G. Co. Tried to locate Top Sgt. SARSFIELD but as he was in West Swansey, N. H., he did not call on him.

As a part of the program put on by the Yankton-Sioux tribe of Indians, in memory of Armistice Day, J. W. TAYLOR (M) at one time Color-Sergeant of the 103rd Infantry, was made an honorary member of that tribe. Jack was for some time employed by the Government and stationed at the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana, at Poplar. He is now known to the Indians as "Akicita Mani," or Walking Soldier. If any old buddies are in Montana, he will be glad to hear from them. At present Jack is employed with the State Highway Commission of Montana.

Please send all 103rd news to E. K. HALE (M), Worumbo Manufacturing Co., Lisbon Falls, Maine, or to the 103rd Inf. Column at the YD Club.

—E. K. H. (M)

102ND M.G. BATTALION

A COMPANY

Many have expressed their sincere regrets in learning of the passing of GEORGE W. BENTLEY'S (M) father. Mr. Bentley, Senior, always has been a sincere and helpful friend of veterans. He not only worked hard and contributed heavily for the men of Company A, but also in many broader ways for the winning of the war. His generosity, his sound advice, his sincere interest in our affairs, will all be sadly missed by many of us.

CLAUD NICHOLLS, no other than "Nick" to his friends, is covering a large part of New England, selling jewelry. We all wish him success in his new work.

A couple of months ago, PHILLIP M. "CUCKOO" MCGRATH was reported to be again back at U. S. Veterans Hospital No. 89, Rutland Heights, Mass. A bad knee was said to be the cause of his confinement.

Now puzzling over stale addresses is GUY L. BEAN (M) our Battalion Secretary and Treasurer. He's hustling about for up-to-date billet numbers and trench names.

At last. In "Highlights of History," appearing in *Boston Herald* on August 15, our 102nd M. G. Bn. was pictured in action. This kinder proves we were in the war after all.

SLOCUMB has been moved to Oregon. No reflection, for Harold's whole boat crew have moved westward; Westerners have come East. The Coast Guard apparently is having things happen. Mrs. Slocumb, a bride, followed her husband.

Sadly we admit that no "A" man went across with the YD Pilgrimage. Several, however, in recent years have visited the scenes of the late fracas; consequently know what they missed this year. Welcome home! medals of honor, spoiled tastes for home brew, three-

hour lunchers, boulevard strollers, cafe parkers, and so on. We're waiting for the details.

—A. C. H. (M)

104th FIELD HOSPITAL

With an elaborate speaking program at Massabesic Inn, Manchester, N. H., on September 22, veterans of the 104th Field Hospital concluded their first annual two-day reunion yesterday. The men who came to assemble for the first time since the discharge of the outfit 10 years ago enjoyed an official reception and get together Saturday and a sightseeing tour, business meeting, and banquet at the popular inn at Auburn Sunday noon.

Maj. JOHN KOWLTON (M) of Exeter, organizer and first commander of the field hospital, was the principal speaker to address the gathering which was made up of men from all over New England. Major KNOWLTON spoke on the personnel of the outfit, depicting the service they had accomplished during their days of service in the detachment.

Maj. FRANK W. STEVENS (M) of Bridgeport, Conn., commander of the 104th at the time of its discharge, addressed the members, praising the hospitality which has been bestowed on the men by the ity of Manchester. He praised the work of the organizers of the veterans association and expressed his esire that the men will assist in staging future reunions on an elaborate scale.

Other speakers at the banquet were Lieut. FORREST J. DRURY of Londonderry, Lieut. PERCY WING of Canaan, Major ROBERT BLOOD (M) of Concord, Sgt. JOHN LOUGHREN of Boston, Mass., and Sgt. CLARENCE WALSH (M) of Pawtucket, R. I.

BURTON KNIGHT of Manchester was elected president of the veterans association, and HOWARD NOYES of Manchester was chosen as secretary and treasurer. It was voted to hold the second reunion next year in Boston, Mass., if that city is chosen by the National American Legion for its convention next year.

FLICKERS FROM THE 104TH

C COMPANY

The Annual Armistice Celebration of C Company was held at the Bay State in Worcester, on Saturday, November 9. There were about 25 present. NORM HOWES (M), JEFFRIES, GEO. KEEFE, and GUY WATTS (M) were up from Boston. JOE PAUL and SAM DUFAULT were down from Spencer. The Worcester crowd were AL BENNETT (M), JIMMIE LEIGH (M), AL RAND, FRED FALK, FRED JORDAN, WALTER BRIGHAM, GRANFORS, LACHAPELLE, W. BARNARD, JUD FISH, TUTTLE, DAN JONES, RAY LEONARD, HAROLD NUTE (M), JIM VALENTINE. FRED JACKSON (M) of D Co., 101st Inf., was our guest. A feed was put on after a slow start and then the boys gathered upstairs for a while.

From all reports of the fellows who have returned from the Pilgrimage, TED NOYES (M) must have been the official guide for the party and the busiest one over there. He sure showed the boys where to go and not to go. He had just returned from an engagement in Milan, Italy, and is now in Berlin, Germany, but expects to be back in the U. S. in time for the 104th reunion next year.

DIONNE is now with the Colonial Provision Co., on John Street, Boston.

GEORGE BAKER is with the Checker Taxi, as a starter.

MAGNUSSON (M) has been in the West for the last few years; now has his home address at San Pedro, Calif.

NED HORNIBROOK (M) was North during the month of August, but has returned to Atlanta again.

I have a card from JOHN DONOVAN (M) once in a while, when he is away on one of his trips.

GEORGE R. ELLIOTT (M) came East on his vacation the latter part of September for a couple of weeks. At present he is located at Winona, Minn.

Another C Company man joined the ranks of the Y. D. V. A. recently: BERT SCARLES (M) who is at City Hall in Worcester. —H. G. W. (M)

101ST INFANTRY ITEMS

As announced in "Congratulations," JOSEPH BOGAN, D. S. C. (C Co.), of Newton, became the father of twin boys on September 15.

IRVING LOUCRAFT (M Co.) was installed Commander of Lowell Post No. 87, American Legion, on Monday, November 18.

HOWARD HERO, former 1st Sergeant of L Company, was installed as Commander of Natick Post, American Legion, on November 26.

—L. P. L. (M)

"H—er COMP."

The Fifth Annual Memorial Mass of the Company H, 101st Infantry, A. E. F., Veterans Association, was held on Sunday, November 17, at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Fall River, Mass. The boys of H Company and guests left the YD Club in a convoy escorted by officers of the State Constabulary. Due to city ordinance being enforced, the street parade this year had to be cancelled, but otherwise the event was most successful.

Many of the boys from the YD Club, and YD Post, A. L., made the trip with us as in former days. Among these were BILL SNYDER (M), BILL BROWN (M), and TED WILSON (M).

On Tuesday night, November 19, the Annual Meeting and Election of Officers was held and a goodly sized crowd was present. Officers elected for

this year are: President, CHARLIE PERRELLI; 1st Vice-President, WILLIAM MCCARTHY (M); 2nd Vice-President, AL MORRISSEY; Secretary, JOSEPH SELVITELLI; Treasurer, CHARLES BARTER; Chairman of Executive Committee, WILLIAM HAYES.

Everything looks pleasant for a most successful year, and it is trusted that every one will do his part in helping the officers make our association all that we want it to be.

BILL MCCARTHY (M) who made the trip to France for the dedication of the YD Memorial Church, visited many of the places that the boys of "H—er Comp." hold dear. Bill says the towns which were our stopping places during the *guerre* have changed very little. But, as every one else says, there isn't much left for reminders in the battlefields.

Father BOUCHER (M), who spent some three months in France, visited Circourt and tells us the town is as dirty as ever. Many of the folks we knew have either died or moved away. Those still remaining were most interested in all things concerning H and F Companies.

—E. H. C. (M)

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

See elsewhere in the paper story entitled "Resurrected."

—G. W. T. (M)

ENGINEER ENTRIES

BUZZINGS OF B

Luckily B Company had a few men able to go to France on the Pilgrimage. "Captain Johnny" and Mrs. OSBORN (M), and ART BLACKEY; and, of course, we can lay claim to Chevalier RALPH M. EASTMAN (M).

Your able reporter called on GEORGE RAND and BOB FISH while in New York. FISH owns one of the banks on Wall Street, and GEORGE RAND is pretty nearly the owner of the Fashion Park Clothes, Inc. How those boys in New York get to be millionaires is a marvel.

NEWT LINCOLN received a good deal of publicity lately due to the fact that he became an executive connected with the Arlington Street Church. It wouldn't be amiss if some of the heathens in B Company made a visit on Newt for the benefit of their souls.

Sorry that I neglected to report the birth of a son to DAN BOONE (M) some few months ago.

—"THE DRONE" (M)

FANCIES OF F

It seems to us that F Company has all the space coming to it in this number, under the caption "F Company, 101st Engineers." Therefore we will leave this place blank.

—P. N. S. (M)

ECHOES OF E

Mail for AARON PATRICK has been returned, so apparently he has changed his address without letting us know about it. If anyone knows where he is, we would like to get in touch with him again. RICH TRUE checked in from Naples, Maine, during the summer, wanting to get back on the E Co.'s mailing list, so apparently he is on our side.

We believed that some time ago we informed the E Co. world that FRANKLIN MEAD (M) had gone to join Gabriel's Trumpeters. He called us up during the summer and we learned that we had greatly exaggerated the facts because he is still alive—very much so, and at the time he talked to us was taking a course in salesmanship to enable him to sell more typewriter supplies. He is now restored to a permanent position on our mailing list as of North Bridgton, Maine.

At the Legion Convention at Westfield we had the pleasure of seeing quite a lot of JOHN FARLEY. He looked about the same as ever and still had that pleasant smile of his. He was one of the active workers in making things go well at the Convention.

MAURICE CORKERY is now Manager of the Allston Theatre, one of the Publix Chain, and lives at 32 Blakeslee Street, Cambridge. You can't keep a good man down. JIM CAMPBELL (M), the portly plumbing inspector, has moved to 231 Wood Avenue, Hyde Park.

Mail has been returned from Captain JOHN E. LANGLEY, C Co., 8th Engineers, Fort Bliss, Texas. On the trail, men!

At last it has happened! Good old "THURSTY" went and got married the twenty-second of June and he and his wife certainly have our heartiest wishes for a long and happy life together.

The last we heard from OKIE O'CONNOR (M) was from Lehighton, Pennsylvania. He wanted us to inform Leftenant BILL CHISHOLM through the Echoes that his feet are still capable of twinkling and some of these days he will be dropping down to Louisiana to tell him who used to feed his prisoners back in Monce-en-Belin when he was Provost Marshal and Okie was acting Mess Sergeant. He says he isn't sure whether as a Sergeant he was a mess or the mess was a miss but he does know that good old Bill would have made a mess of somebody if he had caught them feeding or rumming his prisoners.

And now to get down to a little dope about the places we made famous in France in 1917-18. It was my good fortune to be able to sail on the YD

Pilgrimage which left Boston on Saturday, September 28th, on the "Carmania." TOMMY WATSON (M) was the only other E Co. man on board, though there were several other Engineers making the back trek, including JOHNNY OSBORN (M), CARROLL SWAN (LM), and PHIL SANBORN (M). Among the many nice messages of "bon voyage," gifts, etc., the thing that struck closest to my heart and for which I am deeply appreciative, was the letter quoted below which was handed to me on the boat after we got started:

To Ralph Mason Eastman:

Through the years since our close association during the war we have followed with admiring affection your progress amongst our Veteran Organizations, appreciating the effort and zeal that you have expended. Insofar as your activities in the American Legion are involved we must share our pride in you with all veterans. Where the Yankee Division is concerned we must do likewise. But in the affairs of E Company, 101st Engineers, we feel the need of no restraint, and in the spirit of unbounded enthusiasm we greet you.

So, as comrades in E Company, 101st Engineers, it is our wish to acknowledge our appreciation of your loyal effort; to assert our pride in you as you embark as President of the YD Club to dedicate our memorial to France; and to express our great joy in your nomination for the high honor "Legion of Honor."

We wish you "Bon Voyage," good luck and a safe return.

In behalf of all E Company men:

CHESTER R. THOMAS	CHARLES A. DODGE
HERBERT J. DENNER	JACOB W. KING, JR.
F. W. CAMPBELL	CHARLES C. HURTER
WILLIAM S. CLEAVES	HENRY C. DROWN
CHARLES B. WATSON	THOMAS B. WATSON
HAROLD R. BROWNSON	HOWARD A. WELCH

Boston, Massachusetts
September 28, 1929.

Coming from my own old gang, it certainly touched me as nothing else could and while I'm afraid it's a lot more than I deserve you may rest assured it will be one of my treasured souvenirs to pass on to my kids who may think their old man wasn't so tough in spots after all! !

A little story of interest to E Company men in particular appears elsewhere in this issue.

—R. M. E. (M)

CAPERS OF C

HOWARD PORTER dropped in to the Club the other day to look us over. Howard is still selling the sheetboards for housebuilders, as is HENRY HABICH whom Porter sees now and then. Porter is chairman of entertainment of the new Wollaston Post, A. L., and spends his extra time trying to get the YD men of Wollaston to join up with the Legion. Habich is now situated in Marblehead with Mrs. Habich.

ZOLLINGER (M) has left the opera house section of the Back Bay and gone over to Jersey and Queensbury.

ARCHIE LABRANCHE (M) was down a few weeks ago to one of the major college football games and stayed the week end.

NORMAN CARTER (M) is shining up his rifle again this year, getting ready for the Legion Rifle Team on which he has been going strong.

Met JOHN MULLEN in town the other day. John is still the husky and is living in Wollaston. He is now employed by the Commercial Radio, in the shipping line.

—C. W. Z. (M)

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CONGRATULATIONS

(Continued from Page 14)

Pilgrimage, visiting also Switzerland and England. They are now living at 214 The Riverway, Boston.

WARREN M. MCLEOD (M) (E Co., 101st Engrs.) was married on October 15, to Miss Enid Elizabeth McClare.

Mr. ARNOLD LADD (M) (101st Amb. Co.) was united in marriage with Miss Marie Cecilia Eichorn, on October 19. Mr. and Mrs. Ladd are living at 134 Sherman Street, Wollaston.

Twin boys arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH BOGAN (C Co., 101st Inf.) in Newton on September 15. He reports that they are going to enlist in old C Company of Newton.

A son, Stanley Lufkin Witham, arrived on Aug. 6 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. PERCY R. W. WITHAM (101st Engrs.) in So. Portland, Maine. This makes two boys and two girls.

IT'S THE NOVELTY OF THE THING

Pennsylvania Paper—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stewart announce the birth of a daughter, Esther Stewart, to Harry L. Vogel.

ADD WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Nebraska paper—(adv.)—FOR SALE: Two police puppies. Prize-winning parents, both males; very reasonable.

TAPS

JAMES QUANCE, formerly of the 101st Trench Mortar Battery, died at the National Soldiers Home in Marion, Indiana, on October 5. He was born in Kennebunkport, but later made his home in Auburn, Maine. His death came as a result of disabilities incurred during the war.

THEODORE JACKSON, formerly of the 101st Field Signal Battalion, died at the U. S. Veterans Hospital, Rutland Heights, Mass., on October 29. Funeral services were held at the Forest Hills Chapel on November 1.

RICHARD SWENSON, formerly of the 51st F. A. Brigade Hdqtrs., met his death in line of duty at a fire in Worcester on October 21. He was a lieutenant in the Worcester Fire Department. He was buried on October 23, with full military honors, an escort from the fire department also being in attendance.

Captain EARL H. LANG, formerly of the 101st Ammunition Train, died at Rutland, Vermont, on October 31.

JOSEPH MARONEY, formerly of K Company, 101st Infantry, died October 8, at his home in Clinton, Mass., as a result of war wounds.

W. K. MORSE, formerly of Headquarters Detachment, 101st Supply Train, died during October.

JAMES F. CARTY, D. S. C., who captured 37 German prisoners singlehanded, died at Rockville Center, N. Y., on November 29. See notice elsewhere.

JIM: Gee! what a scraping I gave myself this morning. I used a new blade, too —I can't understand it.

BILL: Don't blame the blade, Jim. Just try that same blade to-morrow with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. I'll bet you'll get the best shave you ever had. It's great.

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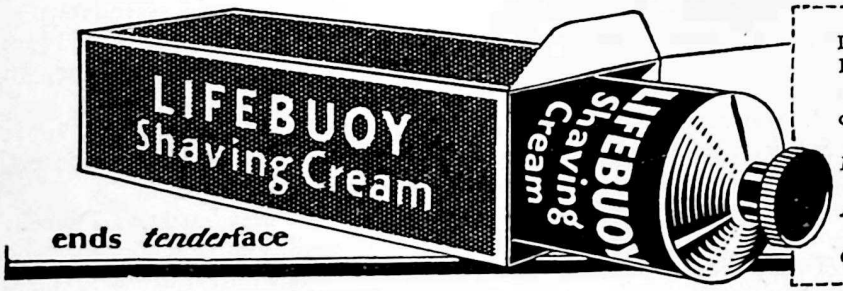

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